

## AMUSEMENTS

Salt Lake Theatre—Lillian Russell in "The Butterfly," matinee today, performance tonight.

Orpheum—High class vaudeville matinee and night.

Lyric—Vaudeville, afternoon and two performances tonight.

### COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Salt Lake Theatre—San Carlo Opera Company, April 15-17; Blanche Walsh, April 18-20.

That this good old town is the greatest amusement center in America—considering population—has been demonstrated every day and every night during the past week. All the theatres were crowded and that most convincing sign of all, S. R. O., has been displayed with startling frequency. When the tally sheets in the box offices are figured up tonight, the week will have passed into theatre history as a convincing argument that Salt Lakers—aided and abetted by Conference crowds—are entitled to the long distance championship.

Ask any theatre manager in town and hear his willingness to confirm all I have written.

It will be impossible to review, in this issue, the fluttering of that rainbow-winged butterfly, Lillian Russell, in her latest foot-light success now running at the Salt Lake Theatre.

For twenty years this remarkably preserved woman has been on a pedestal receiving the adulation of those who pay homage to beauty. Time, the relentless thief of youth, has stolen none of the gold from Lillian's sunshine tresses, nor has he pilfered the fair bloom from her face; neither has he robbed her of those richer treasures, the artless graces, which are the flower and fragrance of lovely woman. And although time has often before reached laughing eyes and ruby lips, making them dim and pale; although often before he has put his white hands on hair and made it gray, still, with all his reaching, time has not yet reached the face or figure of Lillian Russell. Airy fairy Lillian, indeed! Go and see her tonight in "The Butterfly." She takes the part of a gay, vivacious widow—a fluttering, flitting thing of grace and beauty, butterflying her way over the flower gardens of Saratoga and New York.

Manager Jennings of the Orpheum is one of those who believe that a Conference tide, when taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. The nightly coup in the box office rather more than confirmed the suspicion.

From the irrigated farms of Cache valley to the arid belt in Millard county, our visiting friends had heard

of the Orpheum. So they came, they saw—and, of course—bought tickets. The result has been something over which the stockholders may shout dividends.

Somehow, by one of those tricks which sometimes enables a manager to set his sails for the wind, the bill at the Orpheum this week is a harbor of joy for the countryman. Josh Perkins in the gallery and Marinda Jones in the parquette are convulsed at Dave Nowlin, the story teller with the "flexible voice." Some of Dave's stories will live down in plowtown until the call of the city again brings Mr. Perkins and Miss Jones to Salt Lake. The musical doings of Quigg, Mackey and Nickerson, will—for a long time set the echoes flying in the ears of the good people from Cloverdale. And the naughty, naughty French dancing of La Belle Viola, with its more than generous display of well filled stockings and the flashing Rhinestone garter—my, oh my! won't the boys from Brigham city be the envy of the other fellows when they tell the story!

The wonderful intelligence displayed by Lamont's educated cockatoos are a surprise to city folk and country folk alike.

The "Dancing Daisies" are an enticing number on the program—head liners, in fact. Some of these young ladies look like new recruits to the foot-lights as their faces are still unfamiliar with the deeper mysteries of the paint pot. However, the Dancing Daisies have been well trained and their pretty evolutions, with frequent change of costumes, make a series of moving pictures quite bewildering to the eye.

Every one of the girls—especially the little Daisy on the right—may be sure she has made an individual impression upon the susceptible youth from out of town. Indeed, I heard one say as much—and he meant it, too, by gosh!

Those of the Conference crowd that wandered into the Salt Lake Theatre during the Purple Hysteria, last Wednesday and Thursday, must have been frightened out of their country boots. Some of the show seemed so real. This world's aggregation of sure-thing-actors, confidence comedians and bunco tragedians were the speed limit for fast travelling. Some of the boys almost rode their wooden horses to death. I use the words, "wooden horses," figuratively.

Among such a ponderous display of bursting genius, it would be unfair, not to say cruel, to single out any individual and hand him a bunch of lilacs. Every one of the boys deserved a hand out. Some rather more than others, but let that pass.

The Elks' Purple Minstrel show and Extravaganza will live long in

the annals of local stage history as one of the greatest ever.

The way the crowds have been drifting down Main street is enough to make Considine and Sullivan glad that they got into the vaudeville game in old Salt Lake. Sunday night after the two performances each of which was packed, there were so many on the outside still clamoring to get in that a third performance had to be given at the Lyric. Going some, eh? One of the best things seen at the Lyric during the week was the clever work of Frank Coombs and Muriel Stone in "The Last of the Troupe." It was full of bright comedy, catchy music and ginger from start to finish. Dashy, little Muriel Stone with her lively captivating air and vivacious manner had the house going wild with applause.

At the matinee today an entirely new bill will be seen at the Lyric.

HARRY LE GRANDE.

### TALKED ABOUT.

What the press agent modestly heralds as the "most talked of act in vaudeville" is to be the headline offering at the Orpheum during the coming week. It sounds like a railroad drama—"Stop, Look Listen." This clever little playlet from the pen of Matthew White, Jr., who lived in Salt Lake as a boy and went to his first theatre here, is versatile May Tully's vehicle.

Miss Tully was recently leading woman at the Madison Square Theatre in New York, and last winter at Daly's in one of Bernard Shaw's plays. The fact that she is now taking a flyer in vaudeville is tersely explained by her in the words, "because I need the money." The plot of the sketch is an actress urging at the railroad station, a young country girl not to go to New York to "become an actress," telling her of the pitfalls on the way. Incidentally Miss Tully gives splendid impersonations of Ethel Barrymore, Mrs. Leslie Carter and George M. Cohan. About Miss Tully's playlet a Detroit Free Press critic recently gave the following opinion:

"The wise and wary have long since grown skeptical of the press agent's advance rhapsodies. This time his praise for Miss Tully was only a faint shadow of the truth."

The Olivettis, musicians of the wandering minstrel sort, are a couple to whom patrons of artistic inclination will probably give the heartiest recognition. The violinist of the duo is an artist of great reputation in the famous music halls of Europe, and his accompanist on the harp-guitar is of equal talent and ability.

The entire English colony of Salt Lake are due to turn out en masse to hear Lillian Shaw, vocal dialect comedienne, have fun with the orchestra and gallery in enquiring in verse the whereabouts of her Henry Brown. She also has a Yiddish and

Italian song that are equally as good.

Jonny Johns, "the little man in black," has a black-face stunt with a white setting as far as the clothes go. He sings and gets off some new local gags for the delectation of the Orpheum clientele.

Mark Sullivan, mimic monologist, is an entertainer whose mission in life is to draw a good salary for making people laugh.

Norton, magician, has some good mystifying stunts up his sleeve which will set all the wise guys in town telling just how it is done.

The ever popular Kinodrome will unroll a thousand feet of the latest Weihe's orchestra will see that the Weihe's orchestra will see that the music end of the program is not overlooked.

### THE SAN CARLO OPERA COMPANY.

This famous company which appears in the Salt Lake Theatre Monday and Tuesday evenings, was organized in Milan by Mr. Henry Russell in the year 1904. It was first heard in London at the Covent Garden Opera House where its success was instantaneous. Signor Caruso and Miss Alice Nielsen were the two bright particular stars of the season and the performances were notable for a perfection of ensemble which hitherto had never been heard in Covent Garden Opera House. The explanation of the exceptional artistic merit of the performance is to be found in the fact that Mr. Russell, in forming the San Carlo Opera Company, selected the very finest talent available in Italy and France. The members of the chorus and orchestra were not only individual artists of tested merit, but were so intimately acquainted with the operas they performed, that there was a unity and smoothness of rendition which easily excelled all previous operatic companies.

Mr. Russell has made long engagements with well known and experienced artists whose interpretations of second parts have won them individual fame in European Opera Houses. Owing to the regrettable fact that hitherto America had no National Opera House, it has been impossible to devote the time and care which is necessary for the production of a perfect ensemble. The San Carlo Opera Company owing to the nature of its organization, has attained this perfection, and moreover it is so equipped as to be able to interpret the various operas of its repertoire in the different languages in which they were originally written. There is a popular notion in the United States and England, that Opera in English is more easily understood than when given in a foreign tongue. This, however, is not a fact. Even with the most careful attention and most complete knowledge of the language unless previously acquainted with the plot, it is quite impossible to follow the thread of any story which is constantly interrupted